

bread crumbs || dreamnotfound

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25884856) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25884856>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Darryl Noveschosch
Additional Tags:	Angst and Hurt/Comfort , Self-Hatred , Self-Harm , Not Beta Read , Yup i've fallen down the mcyt hole , Fluff and Angst , Warm and Fuzzy Feelings , Dream needs hugs , so does George , Everyone Needs A Hug , Sleepy Cuddles , Panic Attacks
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-13 Completed: 2020-08-16 Chapters: 3/3 Words: 5462

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by [blinderror](#)

Summary

In which Dream starts acting weird and George makes a surprise visit to him.

Just you know darker.. because i'm bad at making fluffy things.

Notes

disclaimer : if either of the boys find themselves uncomfortable with the writing of this fan fiction or fan fiction about them in general i will take this down, no hesitation. these are real people with real lives and the last thing i want to do is make them uncomfortable.

trigger warning !!! this writing does contain mentions of triggering topics such as self harm, panic attacks, and suicidal ideations. if you think this could possible trigger you please don't continue on reading.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

not okay

"Oh George~" Dream stated in a sing-sang tone. George and him were recording another manhunt video for his channel. Lately he had been running low on ideas *and motivation* to record anything but he'd never let anyone in on that. It was a side of him the world didn't need to know about, his persona mask had quickly become his real life mask as well.

"NO!" George screamed into the mic as the death screen popped up on his monitor. Dream forced out a laugh exclaiming he had once again won their little game. George smiled rolling his eyes at Dream's comments. The two closed the game once Dream had recorded a quick outro.

The two remained on their discord call in a comfortable silence. George having expected Dream to comment on the gameplay but to his surprise, he didn't. "No comment today, Dream?" George asked breaking the silence. The younger man simply hummed seeming lost in his own world. This concerned George. "Dream~" he said again rolling out the e. Dream once again remained silent, adding on to the older man's concern. "Dream." George said again, worry dripping from his voice. That seemed to snap Dream out of his haze and he swiftly turned to face his computer screen where George's voice came from. "S-sorry, I must've spaced out" he stuttered out suddenly feeling the tiredness in his body. "Are you okay?" George asked not bothering to mask the concern in his voice. "Yea.. just tired i guess. I'm gonna go lay down for a while" He answered suddenly hyper aware of his slip up. He hates making people worry.

"Alright then, rest up Dream" George said, with that Dream clicked off the call and went to lay down on his bed. His usual loud and confident composure crumbling the second his back hit the mattress. The weight of keeping the act going for so long tired him endlessly, he had been recording for almost 5 hours. George had certainly learned a few of his tricks and that made it harder to finish the game quicker. Quite frankly he didn't even want to record today, he hadn't felt like recording anything for the past week but he needed to get a video out before people started wondering what was up.

He contemplated getting back up and going to edit the video to post it and just get it over with but the weight on his chest felt too heavy to move. Keeping up the act of being the Dream everyone knew and loved was getting harder to do. *How would his fans react to him being nothing more than a self-loathing human with only a mask to hide it? How would his friends react? How would George react?* Dream lingered on to the last part of the question longer than he intended to and he felt himself spiraling due to it. *He'd hate me. Hate me like I hate myself, because i'm not who he thought he was. He'd scream at me for lying about who I was for all these years. Who I really am is nothing like the image i've created in his head. He'd be so disgusted by who I am that he'd never want to speak to me again.*

That last thought stung him, tears threatening to fall from his eyes. Dream wanted to make it stop but he couldn't. The thoughts just kept going and going with no end in sight. Before he knew night had fallen and the thoughts still hadn't stopped. Tears were falling freely from his eyes now, his body trembling at the impact of his own twisted thoughts. He did all he could to calm down even considered calling his mother but decided against it. *I don't want her to worry.* He thought. It finally hit him that he was in no condition to edit and begrudgingly grabbed his phone, and started writing out a tweet.

Dreamwastaken : Taking a short break for personal reasons, no worries i'll be back soon :)

He hit post and chucked the phone to the edge of the bed. *Pathetic. Could've at least posted the*

video you already recorded. He let out a huff of air wanting to make the voice in his head shut up. *You should show the world just how pathetic you are.* The voice continued, his lips trembling as his eyes snaked over to the drawer where he kept a pocket knife for "*self defense*". *Do it.* He obliged to the voice, walking over to the drawer and pulling out the pocket knife. The blade shined against the moonlight coming in from the window. Dream ran his thumb against the sharp part drawing out a small bit of blood. The red of it enticed him and he held his arm out, putting the blade against his wrist. He cut till the deep red covered his entire arm.

He marveled at his work but didn't feel satisfied. He went to go do the other arm when his phone pulled him back to reality. The realization set in and he dropped the knife, letting it hit the floor with a cling. His body shook as disgust over his actions consumed him, the buzzing of his phone reminding him why he stopped in the first place.

He shakily grabbed the phone, sliding across the answer button. A breathless George on the other end yelled out "*Dream! Oh my god, i've called like 20 times! What the hell? I saw your tweet, what's going on? Are you okay?*" Dream sucked in a breath in an attempt to sound normal but was caught off guard by a sudden voice crack "*Yea I'm just t-tired-*" He mentally cursed himself. "*Dream you don't sound okay.*" George cut him off worry oozing from his voice. Dream let out a quiet shudder as the sting from the cuts started to hit him hoping George didn't pick up on it. "*Dream?*" Hearing the concern in his best friend's voice was becoming too much to handle and he let out an almost incorrigible "*I'mjusttired-i'lltalktoyoulaterokaybye*" clicking so fast that George hardly heard the bye on his side.

Dream dropped the phone from his trembling hands, finally allowing his body to collapse against the bed. The blood on his arms had mostly dried as the cuts weren't too deep and he figured he'd clean it up the next morning. He silently prayed he didn't worry George too much and lulled himself to a dreamless sleep.

George had anxiety coursing through his veins, *Dream was most definitely not okay.* Nothing about that conversation with him felt right but from the looks of it Dream wasn't going to talk about it. He decided to call Sapnap and Bad letting them in on his worries over their friend. The two agreeing that it was indeed strange of Dream to act like that.

"He sounded like he was crying" George said at one point adding to the other boys' worries. "*What? In all my time of knowing i've never once even seen him sad- A-are you sure? Maybe he was just sick or-*" Sapnap said trying to bring an explanation as to why Dream could sound like that. "Did he sound like that when you were recording with him earlier?" Bad asked trying to bring some calm into Sapnap. George gave it a thought muttering a no. Bad let out a sigh "I doubt he got sick in the couple of hours between now and when you two were recording" George silently nodded, the three falling into silence.

"I'm worried, I- I hate that none of us can check on him" George let out concern consuming him. "Why don't you book a flight?" Bad suggested earning a nod from Sapnap. "W-what? But that could be a couple of days what if this is like a one time thing?" He asked but pulling up the ticket booking screen anyways. "It's worth a shot- besides if something is wrong there's no one better to comfort him than you" Sapnap added to ease his worries. "Me? But we're all his best-" He started but got cut off "Trust me, you being there would help a lot more than us" Bad gave a look over to Sap who held a smug grin on his face. George looked confused but nodded and booked a flight for the following week.

"Alright it's done"

The following couple of days were filled with an odd silence from Dream's side and worry on the other boys' sides.

"It's been days since we've heard from him, i'm getting really worried- you don't think he's dead right?" Sapnap said during a teamspeak call while anxiously fumbling with a string on his hoodie. "Don't think like that, we need to stay positive. Maybe he really is sick" Bad answered, though he himself was unsure of whether or not they'd hear from their friend again.

George was packing the last of his things while on call, silently hoping Dream would join and ease their worries but he never did. "We'll find out tomorrow once I fly in" He added concluding his sentence with a zip from his suitcase. He planned to stay around two weeks just in case Dream really did need him. Though his best friend's silence made him wonder if he'd be flying to see anyone at all.

"What time's your flight?" Bad asked. "7:30 in the morning though it'd be 2:30 in the morning for Dream" He answered finally sitting down and putting all attention to their conversation, occasionally glancing over to discord to see if Dream would come online. "God I can't imagine waking up that early" Sapnap said in an attempt to lighten the mood. The other two let out a small chuckle but found themselves ultimately falling into silence.

Dream knew he had to pull himself out of this hole before it became inescapable but he couldn't find it in himself to do so. His computer remained untouched, and his phone was thrown to some corner of his room. It would ring occasionally but Dream couldn't bring himself to answer. Time passed by him at a speed that he lost track of what day it was. He barely left his bed, if he did it'd be when his throat became so dry from crying that he'd make himself drink water to soothe it. Food barely passed his lips and when it did it'd usually come right back up shortly after.

The voice in his head became relentless, he hardly slept anymore because of it. The nights that he did it was usually because he appealed to the voice by cutting. His arms and stomach were littered with cuts, some deep some jagged. It was the only relief he got anymore, being able to watch as the rich red spilled from his destructiveness. The only thing that pulled him back to reality was the reminder of the worry he heard in George's voice.

George.. Dream hated himself for what he did. The worry he was probably causing his friends, *George specifically* but he couldn't go back to them in this state. He couldn't ruin their view of him any worse than he already had by not answering them. His fans were probably worried too. Questioning why he suddenly left.

They'd be disgusted if they knew.

They'd hate you.

Your friends would leave.

George would leave. No one wants to be stuck with someone like you.

All you had to was keep on the mask, but you failed.

*They all must think you're weak, pathetic, **worthless**.*

"Stop.." Dream whimpered out. He clutched his head as a waterfall of tears began spilling from his

eyes.

Why keep trying?

All you do is record and edit videos, it's simple. You can't even do that.

You're not good enough.

You'll never be good enough.

Not for your fans.

Not for your family.

Not for your friends.

Certainly not for George.

How would he react to someone as low as you to be in love with him?

He'd be so repulsed he'd never look your way again.

"Stop PLEASE!" He was sobbing uncontrollably now, slowly edging toward where his pocket knife laid on the floor.

"Relief. I need relief" With shaking hands he put the knife to healing wounds and cut, going deeper and deeper. Reopening healed wounds in the process of creating new wounds. Within seconds blood began pouring out his deep cuts, the rich red filling his vision once more. He felt the voice quiet down when a knock on his door pulled him out of his head.

His mind was hazy as he numbly put a hoodie to cover his destructiveness, walking towards the door on trembling legs. "Who is it?" He hesitantly asked, his throat parched from the lack of water and crying. "Dream! God, you're okay. It's George" Dream's blood ran cold. *What's he doing here?* He felt his head begin to lightly spin but he pushed the feeling away and opened the door. He was greeted by the sight of his best friend.

George's eyes widened in worry at the sight of Dream. "Wh-what" Dream mumbled letting him in. "Y-you- Dream what happened?" Dream's head couldn't properly register what George was asking, it was too busy with thinking about the blood currently sticking to the sleeve of his hoodie. *Shit.. why'd I put on a white hoodie..*

"Dream?" George asked walking towards Dream his eyes filled with concerned over the taller man. He looked awful. The paleness in his skin, the dark bags under his eyes, and- *what is that?* He thought eyeing the sleeve of Dream's hoodie. His eyes widened once more as he realized the stain was getting bigger. George couldn't see the color red properly but he knew blood when he saw it. "Dream! Holy fuck- answer me! What happened?" He started yelling worryingly, gripping Dream's upper arms trying to shake him back to Earth.

Dream felt disoriented. He saw George's mouth moving but couldn't hearing anything but static. The pain in his arm was becoming unbearable. He felt himself being lightly shaken before his vision began blurring and going dark.

"DREAM!" George screamed as his best friend fell onto him unconsciously. Although Dream was significantly taller than him he felt strangely lighter to the point George was carrying without a

problem. His worry increased tenfold as he dialed 911. He carefully laid the two of them down and rolled his sleeve up, tears welling at the sight of what Dream had been doing to himself. *Dream.. oh my god- why didn't you say something?* He thought as tears fell and he hurriedly put pressure on the wounds in hopes of stopping the bleeding.

The ambulance arrived in less than five minutes. George called Dream's mom while in the ambulance to alert her of what had happened. She was heartbroken. His mother knew he had been depressed from a young age but he always said he was doing better. Following suit he called Sapnap and Bad, the tremble in his voice being enough for them to know Dream *was not okay*.

warmth

Chapter Notes

thank you so much for all the comments last chapter! it really helps motivate me to continue writing :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream woke up in an unfamiliar room. He felt thin sheets wrapped around him, they felt nothing like the soft ones he kept at his apartment. *Where am I..?* He slowly opened his eyes, adjusting to the light surrounding him. He saw his mother sitting in a chair next to him with a worried look on her face.

"Mom?" He groggily asked, his throat was uncomfortably dry. His mother shot up from the chair, quickly grabbing his hand in hers. "Clay, thank god you're awake. You had me so worried." Her eyes glimmered with unshed tears and he felt a tug at his heart at the sight of his mother in pain.

"I'm sorry" he quietly mumbled out. *You had one job.* He heard the voice speak. He shut his eyes, just wanting to make everything stop. "Clay honey, what happened?" His mother asked causing him to open his eyes again. He couldn't bring himself to look her in the eye. His memory was hazy but he recalled going to deep, hearing a knock, and then.. *"George"* the name tumbled out of his mouth before he could stop himself. His mother gave him a soft look, rubbing circles on the palm of him hand. "I sent him back to your apartment with a spare key. Poor thing look so tired" She quietly told him.

Regret ran through his blood as he realized it was George that had been the one to call the ambulance. *5 minutes into seeing him again and you pass out. He must think so low of you now.* Dream pressed his lips into a thin line. He hated hospitals almost as much as he hated himself. "Clay" his mother called from his side bringing back to earth. "I'm sorry mom, I don't know what I was thinking" he breathed out shamefully. *She's suffering because of you.*

"Have you been taking your medication?" she asked her hand not leaving his. He shook his head no. He had stopped a couple months prior when his channel began to blow up. He could feel her eyes lingering on his waiting for a why. "They make me tired, and-" he paused to think. "with my channel gaining so much attention I *couldn't* be tired I-" his mother stopped him. "Your health should be your main priority Clay. Taking a break sometimes is necessary, and you should've told me something. I could've gone with you so they could put you on another medication that won't make you tired" He knew his mother's words held truth, he hoped that if he had just adjusted himself to live without them he'd be fine but he wasn't. He sighed in defeat giving a nod to his mom.

When George left Dream's hospital room he felt both relieved and stressed. Relieved that Dream was going to be okay but stressed because he wanted to be there when he woke up. Dream's mum had a point though, between the jet lag and the rush to get Dream help he was exhausted.

The sun had set when he arrived back at Dream's apartment. It felt wrong to be there without Dream but he attempted to stay positive *he'll be back here soon enough.*

Dream's apartment held one room only but the last time George had flown over Dream had purchased an inflatable mattress that they put in his living room. He shuffled to his room in an attempt to find where Dream stored it away but was instead greeted by the messy sight of Dream's room. Clothes were thrown all over the floor, his phone was cracked and shoved in the corner where Dream's nightstand was, and a bloody pocket knife stuck out like a sore thumb next to the bed. George visibly shuddered when he noticed the weapon his best friend had been using to hurt himself. *How long was he suffering for?* He couldn't help but think.

Despite how tired the British man felt, he didn't want to leave Dream's room in the state it was in. He wanted to make things easier for when he came back, so he began picking up clothes and throwing them in the washing machine, along with the pocket knife that he quickly threw out not wanting to risk Dream ever using it again. As for the phone there wasn't any way he could fix it so he decided to just leave it on Dream's desk. *We can just go get it fixed some other time.*

Once the clothes finished washing he threw them in the dryer and then proceeded to change into a white shirt and sweatpants. Too tired to bother with the air mattress he decided to just toss himself on Dream's bed and rest. Thoughts of Dream and everything that happened plagued his mind. *If only I knew.* He thought as he drifted off to sleep.

The next morning he woke up to a call from Dream's mum alerting him that his friend had woken up and should be released the next day. George let out a sigh, releasing his previous anxieties over his best friend's condition. Deciding to call Sapnap and Bad advising them of the news.

"He woke up" was the first he said when they answered, he could the relief flood their faces. "Thank god, we were so worried when you called yesterday telling us you had to call an ambulance-" Bad stated letting out a breath of air he didn't realize he was holding in. "We didn't know what to think- what- what happened?" Sapnap asked in an almost monotone voice. George pressed his lips together unsure of whether or not Dream would be okay with them knowing. *Is he even okay with me knowing? It's not like he meant for me to see.* The British man thought over, finally deciding to leave out the part where he was bleeding out. "I'm not too sure.. when I got here he looked awfully pale- and like he hadn't been sleeping well. He passed out in my arms and my fight or flight kicked in" He responded hoping the two wouldn't catch on to his uneasiness. To his luck they didn't.

"I guess he was a sick" Sapnap said matter of factly. "Told you." he finished a tiny smirk on his face. Bad rolled his eyes "It's a good thing George went though" he added. "Knowing Dream he was probably too stubborn to go to a doctor" Sapnap joked, earning a slight giggle from Bad who attempted to hide it and failed. George forced a smile in an attempt to not provoke worry in his two friends. Though on the inside he was screaming. *Dream isn't sick. He needed us and we didn't notice.*

"Earth to George!" Sapnap yelled into his mic catching George off guard causing him to drop his phone. He could hear Sapnap laughing whilst Bad reprimanded him for the unnecessary scream. He picked his phone up from where he dropped it and glared at Sapnap leading him to fall into another fit of laughter. "Funny" he said sarcastically. "The look on your face was priceless!" Sapnap threw back, his laughter bringing a smile to the older man's face. *If Dream were here he'd be laughing along with him..* George couldn't help but think. "George are you okay? You're awfully quiet" Bad asked a hint of concern in his tone. George shrugged him off. "A bit worried about Dream.. i think i'm going to give him a visit once I get ready" He answered. The three chatted for a bit longer before George left to change and go see Dream.

All Dream could hear in the room was the soft beeping of the monitor keep his heart rate in check. It was a strange sort of peace for him. His mother had left a couple minutes prior at his insistence that he'd be fine and that he really wanted her to eat and rest. He hated the concerned look on her face as she looked at him one more time before leaving. *Burden*. He sighed at the familiar voice. He just wanted to go back to the quiet environment he was in.

A quiet knock at his door relieved him. "Hey..." George greeted him softly, pulling up the chair to sit next to him. Dream felt heat creep up his neck as he looked away in shame. *You shouldn't be here*. George sighed realizing Dream wasn't speaking. "I'm sorry for showing up without notice.. I was worried about you" He said earning a glance from Dream. Dream's eyes closed as he let out a breath of air. "No.. i'm sorry- you- i- i didn't want you to see this side of me" he numbly let out. George's eyebrows scrouged in confusion at his words. "Dream you're my best friend for a reason. I- I want to see every side of you even the ugly ones. I want to be there for you" George attempted to comfort Dream.

"You deserve better.." Dream quietly said, tears rising in his eyes. George's heart broke at his best friend's words. "Dream, no. I don't want better. I want you-" he said putting his hand over Dream's. "God, Dream.. I love you. You know that right? I don't say it enough, but I do. I'm so scared of losing you" he cried out softly, tears escaping his eyes. Dream was looking at him now with tears also falling down his face. *I'm so selfish. I hurt him so badly. I'm sorry George..* He thought as he wrapped George's fingers around his.

"I never meant to worry, or- or hurt you" He wobbled out. The two boys cried at the fear of losing each other not letting go of the other's hand.

"I love you." Dream whispered earning a soft look from George. "I know silly" he answered giving him a smile. Dream shook his head. "*I love you, George*" he said again his tone a bit softer. George let out a quiet gasp as the realization set in. Dream looked away thinking he had ruined everything between them. "*I love you too*" he heard from his best friend. He couldn't help but cry at his words. George's grip on his hand tightened as the two smiled softly at one another. "But.." George looked down at their hands, making Dream's smile fall. "I want you to get better first- before we.. become official. I'm- I'm gonna change my flight back, and I'm going to be here as long as you need me" He finished, looking back up at Dream's eyes emerald though to him they were more yellow.

"Okay.. I will." Dream nodded.

The next day Dream was able to leave back home. He had left in the morning with his mother, after staying with George the majority of the night before he had to leave. He felt at ease knowing he was finally out of that place. George greeted the two at the apartment. "Please, take good care of him George" His mother asked of George as she was departing, he assured her that he was in good hands. "Clay, if you need me to go for you to get a prescription change don't hesitate to ask" She stated at the doorway earning a nod from Dream. She closed the door behind her with a click leaving the two boys alone. The atmosphere tense.

"How are you feeling?" George asked attempting to break the tension in the air. "Glad I'm out of there I guess" Dream shrugged making way to his room. George followed behind him hoping to get a bit more out of him. Dream stopped in his tracks as he realized his room was clean. "Wha-" he was about to ask before George answered for him. "I wanted to make things easier for you before you came back. I uhm.. I got rid of the knife.." he hesitantly said, Dream's eyes blew wide as he realized he never hid the knife before greeting George.

He must be disgusted. Dream visibly recoiled at the thought. George taking notice took hold of his

hand. "Dream.. why- why did you do it?" he asked silently hoping Dream would open up to him. The younger man sighed, moving to sit on his bed. George sitting next to him. They sat in silence before Dream started speaking.

"I suffer from depression. I take medication for it and.. i stopped-" his voice cutting off hoping George wasn't thinking less of him, to his surprised George had taken his hand again and was rubbing soft circles on it. His eyes asking him to continue. He inhaled a breath before continuing. "When the channel blew up- I felt like I had to keep pushing out content consistently and be upbeat- that's hard to do, because my meds they make me tired and numb me.. it- it's hard to feel. Keeping up the act on them was becoming really difficult so I just stopped- and.." he trailed off again looking down at the floor he felt sickened at the thought of explaining his actions. Luckily George didn't push him to continue, instead wrapping him in a hug.

"I'm sorry I never noticed.. I should've known- should've picked up on those tiny moments where you were off instead of brushing it off" George rambled, feeling guilt over never noticing what his own best friend was going through. He heard Dream mumble out a quiet 'its not your fault' before returning the hug pulling the smaller man flush against him.

They ended up falling against the soft sheets with George shifting them so Dream's head laid on his chest. Dream relaxed at the quiet beating of George's heart, taking in the warmth he felt in his arms. "Dream..?" George asked almost whispering. Dream hummed feeling George gently rub his head. "Promise me you'll tell me whenever you feel like this. We can work something out for your channel- you don't have to tell your fans or the others if you don't want to. We can keep it between us.. but let me take some of the stress with you. I know it's not easy keeping up with the growing fandom but i'm here with you okay? I'm by your side, i'm not going to leave." He told Dream hoping he understood that he's not alone in this. Out of the group Dream was the one who overworked himself to get out content every week to appeal to his fans, he should've known it was affecting him poorly.

"I promise" Dream said snuggling closer to George. George smiled, pressing a soft kiss at Dreams head. The two fell asleep in each other's arms. Dream for the first time wasn't worried about the nagging voice in his head. The only thing that mattered was the warmth he felt.

Chapter End Notes

i tried to broaden here why dream felt like he did. though i have no personal experience with rapidly growing popularity i do have experience with carrying the burden of expectation so i used that to my advantage. hope you enjoyed!

free

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Today was the day. Dream was one year clean today. It wasn't easy. He had his slip ups which usually ended up in a breakdown, but George kept his word and was there with him throughout all of it.

After over a month hiatus Dream also returned to making content, coming clean to his friends about his depression. They were all extremely supportive and promised they were always there for him, but the one who truly made a difference was George. It was George who cradled Dream whenever he had a relapse, never once being disgusted or repulsed but simply understanding and caring.

After three bumpy months of cycling through new medication and therapy as well as creating a new schedule for his channel, Dream stood at the airport waving goodbye to his best friend. "Thank you, for everything George" Dream mumbled out as the two embraced one last time before George left. The older man gave him a heart warming smile "Thank you for letting me in" he responded. The two stood in silence neither one of them ready to let the other go. Dream felt his lip quiver at the thought of going back to an empty apartment without George.

"Hey.. we'll see each other again soon okay? I promise. I love you, Dream" George said softly cupping the taller man's cheek. Dream leaned into his touch giving him a small smile. "I love you too. I'll miss you George" He said, the two letting go of each other. Dream walked George all the way to his gate, basking in whatever moment he had left before he had to go. He watched as George boarded his flight, and finally took off.

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"What are you thinking about?" Dream heard George ask next to him. The two were sitting together in the living room of their new apartment. "A year ago" he answered earning a glance from his boyfriend. George gave him a smile realizing what he meant. "I'm proud of you" Dream's heart melted at those four words. There was no voice to tell him otherwise anymore. He gave George a toothy smile, enveloping in a hug. The smaller man was caught off guard at first but quickly returned the gesture, burying his head in the taller man's chest.

For the first time Dream could confidently say he was overjoyed. He was able to get back to doing what he loved. His best friend and lover was currently in his arms, in their apartment, no longer an ocean apartment. The voice in his head had quieted down significantly, to the point that he hardly ever heard it and if he did he knew better than what it told him.

For the first time ever he no longer felt the need to hide behind a mask, he was finally *free*.

Chapter End Notes

aahhhh we've reached the end!! it's quite short but i felt it to be satisfying. i hope you guys do too. i'm considering making another fic revolving around george- let me know if you'd like to see that sometime soon! thank you for reading!

End Notes

can i just say that the ship name 'dreamnotfound' is just so aesthetically pleasing to me.. is that weird? just me? alright then.

also this was gonna be a one-shot but my brain started bubbling with ideas. also also no worries this is as dark as it's going to get (probably anyways).

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!